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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. VIII.

ENGAGED, said the Doctor, to give you a general outline of the second article of my system. We agreed in opinion, madam, that the seeds of licentiousness are often sown in the minds of children, by domestics in families; and you observed, that it was an evil for which you could not think of any mode of redress. I will now describe my ideas of a remedy, of which your judgment will decide, as respects its probable effect.

That class of people on whom we depend for domestic assistance, traverse our cities from house to house, without recommendation, without character; no public measures are taken to honor the good, or reform the bad; it becomes of course of little consequence to a great part of them, whether their conduct be deserving or not of a recommendation, without which, they can easily obtain employment, and demand their wages, as the employer is under obligation to pay for services engaged, but the domestic is under no bond for the faithful performance of those services. Virtue and vice, are distinctions which require to be marked in strong characters by society, particularly as they respect those who are occasionally inmates in our families. The laws of a state, can only distinguish the grossly vicious, by making examples of such as are so abandoned, as to become obnoxious to those laws; it lies therefore with employers to make it the interest of domestics to behave well, and to render decency of character an indispensable requisite, for obtaining domestic employment. This might be done by a variety of means; I will describe one, which I think could scarcely fail of being extremely influential, if not completely effectual.

By the society which I before mentioned, let an intelligence-office be established, and supported by a permanent salary, adequate to the services of the keeper, who should always be a widowed mother, recommended to the station by her capacity for filling it, and by her good character, particularly for the discreet management of her children: and let no one be eligible to the office of keeper, who should be otherwise so well provided for as not to want it.

But why, said the citizen, would you prefer a *woman*, as the keeper of this office?

For the following reasons, sir;—*first*, women want aid more than men, in finding employments suited to their constitution, and productive of the means of support; particularly the widowed mother of a family;—*second*, a moderate salary would be accepted as a pretty income by a woman, which would not be considered as adequate to the services of a man;—*third*, the conditions of election, so honorary to the character of the good mother, with the salary annexed to the office, would induce many to become candidates, by particular attention to the management of their children; and this would tend, in some measure, toward making obedience and docility more fashionable, with the children of those classes of society who are not in affluent circumstances.

In the office before mentioned, all the members of the society might apply for domestics wanted, and receive information of the names entered; and all persons seeking employment should have the privilege of entering their names as applicants for places, without paying a fee, and if accommodated with a recommendation, that should also be entered in the records of the office, if desired. By the rules of the society, every member thereof should be under obligation to enter the names of all domestics, upon their leaving the family, stating the time they had served, and giving a good character of those who had deserved it, and none of others. These records should all be preserved in the office, and from them applicants for places should be furnished with tickets, more or less recommendatory according to their merit, thus:

A. B. seeks a place as house-maid, she has in the intelligence-office a good character.

Then at the bottom of the ticket insert the names of those who want domestics in that line, thus:

Domestics of this description are wanted by C. D. No.—street. E. F. No.—street, and G. H. No.—street.

O. P. Keeper of the Intelligence-office.

In filling these tickets, regard would be paid to the different grades of character, by various modes of expression, to any necessary number of degrees; as for instance, *a character—a good character—a very good character—an excellent character.* Under such an establishment, these tickets would in a short time become necessary to those who should be in search of employment, as the first question they would meet on application for service, would be, "*Have you a Ticket?*"

The records of this office, would be a standing memorial of the merits of those who conducted well in their station as domestics. I shall next proceed to measures for rendering this meritorious character productive of honor and reward, which I will introduce with some preliminary observations. Society may be considered as consisting of three classes, the opulent, the easy, and the indigent; by the *easy*, I mean those who have a profession, or some means of obtaining a comfortable subsistance by industry, without seeking service abroad, or donations at home; the two other classes need no description, from the last of which, most of our domestics are furnished. It is an old maxim that virtue is its own reward; this is intelligible to the opulent and easy, who share among them all the honors, and all the emoluments of office, which society has to bestow; but it is logic, not readily comprehended by the indigent, who see obscure virtue unsought, unknown, and undistinguished, among the mass of the wretched. To this neglect is owing, much more than to their necessities, the cause of the vices which generally attend indigence. The opulent and easy are stimulated to virtue, by public employment, by private advantages in business, by the honor of a good name, by the example of their cotemporaries, and by the checks of the law; while no general influence operates, leading them into vicious practices. The indigent are stimulated to virtue by the checks of the law only; while the necessities of their situation, the examples of those with whom they must associate; the discouraging contempt which destitute goodness is heir to, and probably the force of a bad education, all operate as discouragements of virtue or

incentives to vice;—thus, in one case, five influences impel to virtuous conduct, and none to vicious; in the other case one influence impels to virtuous and four to vicious conduct. Can it then be a matter of wonder, that indigence and vice are so frequently companions? From these facts it is evident, that the class of society from which most of our domestics are taken, has more incentives to immoral courses than any other. My next object will be to propose measures for removing those incentives, by distinguishing the worthy, reducing their necessities, withdrawing bad examples, rewarding their goodness, and correcting their education.

You undertake an arduous task, sir, said the lady.

Arduous as it is, madam, not a shadow of doubt rests on my mind with respect to its success, provided the leading members of any community would undertake to carry the measures into execution. [*Bost. Mag.*

ON THE CONJUGAL CHARACTER.

IT is the remark of an elegant and modern writer, that—"No man ever prospered in the world, without the unanimity and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, regular, and intelligent, it will avail nothing, if she is profuse, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to the trust reposed in her."

The absolute justice of this judicious observation has been too often exemplified, in the various orders of society, for any person to attempt to prove its fallacy; and melancholy are the proofs we might daily receive of the disorders which arise from the disagreement of those who are bound to be unanimous, both by the rules of reason and the law of heaven.

If the social affections are allowed to be the inspirers of virtue and magnanimity, how is a man to be supposed capable of exerting those qualities, who perceives they are not likely to minister to any one's gratification? Or how can he entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds those who ought to esteem him inclined to do it? He will feel little temptation to cultivate faculties in which no one appears either to feel a pleasure or to take an interest.

But how different must be the situation of a man, who, in the partner of his affection, possesses an incitement to virtue; and who, in the approving smile of her tenderness, enjoys the most refined and gratifying reward! —With what spirit and perseverance will he labor in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be carefully improved! With what confidence will he exert himself, what difficulties encounter, what dangers meet, when he knows he is not spending his time in vain; and that the gentle being, whose interest and happiness are blended with his own, shares in her turn *his* solicitudes and ease!

Human life is composed of variations: sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of the most prosperous; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has merely found an associate for his *days of happiness*, whilst for the *months of darkness and distress*, no sympathising partner is prepared!

The moralities of life, and the duties of religion, are so completely blended and combined, that it is impossible to break through the one, without a manifest infringement on the other; but, amidst all the natural ties that bind them, none ought to act so strongly on the mind as those existing between wife and husband: and in how interesting a light do those characters appear, whose conjugal virtues embellish the page, either of the poet or historian! Who can peruse with coldness or indifference the tenderness of an Andromache —the stability of a Penelope—the resolution of a Paulina—or the delicacy of a Lucretia? Or who can hesitate to pronounce, that such characters become patterns to their sex, and an honor to human nature? W.

MORAL.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep. It rises with us, and preys upon our vitals. Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one, to the throws of the other; supposing at the same time the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering and most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled, it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact! His neighbors seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraiding him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that by nesting so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villany had lain concealed many years, and had never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person that has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a circumstance; many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence!

"Life's little stage, (says Young) is a small eminence, inch-high the grave above, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude: We look around—we read their monuments; we sigh, and as we sigh, we sink—and are, what we deplored, lamenting or lamented all our lot!"

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.

We are apt to think *this* life of ours *immortal*—and to bestow no attention to the narrow limits destined sooner or later to confine it.—Thus thinking, we live, and act upon many occasions repugnant to that virtue and justice which we should admire, venerate, and practice, did we call to mind the uncertainty of our prospects and duration *here*, and the certainty of an *hereafter*—in which we are to be rewarded or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in this life.

A *grave-yard* is both instructive to the mind and wholesome to the soul: While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue—it demonstrates that death hurls his darts alike at all—and, that in the grave all share one common fate, to moulder and decay:—And as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the *inscriptions* or upon the *actions* which distinguish the persons they mark; a *voice* seems continually ascending to our ears, saying—"Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

BIOGRAPHY.

THE PICTURE OF LEOPOLD,

Emperor of Germany, drawn for him in 1785, *when he was grand duke of Tuscany.*

LEOPOLD loves his people, and has suppressed all such imposts as were not necessary: he has disbanded almost all his troops, retaining only sufficient to preserve the art of military discipline.

He has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, the maintainance of which was very expensive; he has overthrown the stones which devoured mankind.

He found that his court concealed from him his people: he has no longer any court. He has established manufactures. He has every where opened superb roads, and at his own expence. He has founded hospitals.—You

would imagine the hospitals in Tuscany, were palaces of the grand duke. I have visited them, and found in them all, cleanliness, good order, and the most humane and attentive care. I have seen sick old men, who seemed as if waited on by their children. I have seen sick children, who seemed as if nursed by their mothers. I could not, without shedding tears, behold this luxury of compassion and humanity. In the inscriptions on the front of these hospitals, they have bestowed on Leopold, the title of "*Father of the Poor.*" The hospitals themselves give him this title. These monuments stand in no need of inscriptions.

The grand duke comes frequently to visit his poor and sick; he does not neglect the good he has done; he possesses not only the sudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane soul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguish and sorrow, without causing tears of joy; he never leaves it without being followed with benedictions which are the gratitude of a happy people; and these songs of thanksgiving are sent from an hospital!

You may be presented to the grand duke without having four hundred years nobility, without descending from those who disputed the crown with his ancestors. His palace, like his temples, is open to all his subjects without exception. Three days only in a week are more particularly consecrated to a certain class of men; neither to the great, nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor musicians; but to the wretched.

In other countries, commerce and industry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a small number of individuals: with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it; you have a living if you possess any peculiar talent; and there is no exclusive privilege but genius.

The prayers offered up to God for harvests, no longer bring down famine on the country. —This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from superstition, to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legislation. He has discovered a new light in some French publications. He began by simplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been shed on a scaffold in Tuscany for these ten years.

This mitigation of the laws has softened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes are become rare, since barbarous punishments have been banished: The prisons of Tuscany have been empty these three months.

I had almost forgot an apophthegm of this modern Titus. A person was regretting one day before the duke that his territories were not more extensive. "Alas!" cried he, "they contain but too many who are wretched."

AMUSING.

EMBLEM OF A LAW-CASE,

Recommended to the serious consideration of some among us.

WILLIAM, having received a letter from Sarah, written by Charles, shewed the same to Roger: who, upon perusal, said, he wondered, that Richard should be so indiscreet as to quarrel with James about Abigail, who was so extremely ugly, and consequently shocking: Because that Edward had refused, though asked, to go to the play with Catharine. Whereupon Philip falling into a passion with Titus, swore that he would be revenged on Patrick; and therefore called Thomas rogue, rascal, &c. Stephen, who 'tis thought was an eye-witness to the abuse, and being Christopher's friend, slily tripped up Rowland's heels, and broke Jeremiah's head. Cuthbert on this drew his dagger at Edmund: and Archibald trembling with much ado recovered his fright; reassumed his natural intrepidity; and in a cold sweat, snatched Gilbert's pistol from Lawrence, and cocked his blunderbuss at Paul.—Whereat John being amazed, secretly advised Samuel to apply to Leonard, with the help of George, privately to make an affidavit against Arthur, to take out a writ against Henry and Reachel, at the suit of Timothy, executor of the last will and testament of Jacob. But Peter objected to that wisely alledging, that Robert, being sick, had sent word to David, who was married to Hannah, to desire Jeffrey, who had been taken in bed with Mark's wife, to send his grandson Ralph to his cousin Bridget, earnestly to intreat his nephew Joshua, to go along with his brother Frank, to make up the matter amicably with his aunt Susan. But she refused to go with Jack; yet nevertheless recommended Frederick and Humphrey to Andrew, Simon, and Luke; who after a long and grave consultation, ordered the music to play brisker, and then went unanimously to Bartholomew. So that having drank plentifully at Ned's, 'till they were all intoxicated, having nothing to pay the shot with, they drew their swords at Dick, the landlord, stabbed Robin, fell upon Lancelot, lamed Isaac, and had it not been for Solomon, had slain Cornelius. Thereupon Nat rushed forward, and swearing at Marmaduke, who had been asleep all the time in Sally's lap, so incensed Walter and Martin, that Miles and Zachariah, without any regard to Matthew, threw bottles, glasses, &c. at one another's heads. At which Abraham, who was Moll's bully, being enraged, took Benjamin civilly by the throat; kicked Theophilus gently down stairs; picked Abel's pocket, while he was making his addresses to Nell; and at the same time, in the highest fury imaginable, smiling calmly, sent Barnaby, Toby and Giles to the round house. At which Anthony, half drunk, soberly started up; and having first reeled two or three times round the room, put on an important wise look, made a fine speech, nothing to the purpose, and then asked what was the matter. Whereupon Bryan in a loud voice loudly whispered Aaron; and perceiving that Alexander was strangely astonished at their silent noise, told Francis, that his great-grandfather Joseph was dead. At which unexpected news, Nicholas awaked, and being in an ill humor, writ a soft love-song, whistled an opera air; and then withdrew to a neighboring ale-house, to drink a dish of chocolate with Dudley.—Which exasperated Job in such a surprising manner, that none of the company wondered at it: only indeed, Valentine, in the height of his resentment, could not forbear going to hang himself.—However, Allan run undesignedly to the goal, in order to let out the aforesaid prisoners; and having, without any noise, broken open the doors, freed Gerrard, Margaret and Betty; who, being apprehended at King's, by the timely assistance of Bernard, were carried next morning before Hugh Noodle, Esq. a trading justice, in St. Giles', and upon paying a shilling a piece, the whole affair was happily determined. Which is the most exact account that can be given thereof, by

Your Humble Servant,

OLIVER PUZZLE-CAUSE.

THE little value placed upon money by sea-faring people in general, is well known. ——An honest tar, who had lined his pockets with the spoils of the enemy of his country, ordered a huge gold ring to be made. When the tradesman had finished it, he told him it was common to have a Poesy engraved on it. Very well (said the seaman) what must it be? Any thing you please, (replied the goldsmith.) Then (returned the other) put on.

"When money's low——the ring must go."

This was done, and the honest son of the waves, was so well pleased with the execution of the whole, that he ordered a massy pair of silver buckles to be made, with the rims as broad as the edge of a two inch plank;——and here, (said he) you may as well put a Poesy on them also:

"If that won't do——the buckle's too."

A man who has lately written a book on the inexpediency of medicine, begins by what he calls an axiom. If your constitution is *bad*, it is not worth repairing; if *good*, it does not want repair.

A wit describing the universal empire of love, drolly describes its onsets among the finny race.

---------- Love assails,
And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimped cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oyster's hearts.

POETRY.

[The tale of 'ALONZO the brave, and the fair IMOGENE,' with others of similar kind, have alarmed many a bold lover, and terrified many a delicate maiden. At a wedding, not long since, (when BRUNO the brave, was united to the fair LEMONA) an *extraordinary* incident occurred, which reminded me of those tales, and which is explained by the following lines; nor will they be found destitute of a MORAL, interesting to CLEANLY housewives. — [*Cent.*

A TALE OF WONDER!

NOW the laugh shakes the hall, & the ruddy wine flows,
Who, who is so merry and gay? [
LEMONA is happy; for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lay hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, & with tripping so light
BRUNO danc'd through the maze of the ball;
LEMONA retir'd, and her maidens in white,
Led her up to her chamber, and bid her good night,
Then went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood now extended his claws,
And from under the bed did he creep; [paws,
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his
To feed on the angel asleep. [jaws,

He seiz'd on a vain, and he gave such a bite,
And he gave with his fangs such a tug;—
She shriek'd! BRUNO ran up the stairs in a fright—
The guests follow'd after—when bro't to the light—
'Lord ha' mercy!' they cried—'what a BUG!'

THE MAID OF THE GROVE.

I OFT behold beauty with tender delight,
But ne'er did I yield to its sway,
'Till the charms of fair Anna first beam'd on my sight,
When I look'd my fond heart quite away.
Whence this angel resistless? said I to myself,
That a captive so sudden I prove: [sylph,
In the breeze of soft spring, whisper'd some rural
'Tis Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

She fled—but, alas! I was doom'd to remain
In the fetters of love—so forlorn:
Ye Nymphs of the Grove, will she pass here again?
O! say, will she ever return?
If not, her dear image imprest on my soul,
Gives me to the frenzy of love;
Which the presence of Anna alone could controul,
Sweet Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

Though dejection dissuaded—hope bade me pursue,
And pierce the recess of the shade;
On the wings of a lover transported I flew,
But found not the fugitive maid.
Then farewel the sex, since my Anna is gone—
I'm now the sad victim of love:
For with her the pleasures of life are all flown,
With Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

NOVELIST.

ZIMEO.—A TALE.

[*Continued from Page 76.*]

HERE Zimeo stopt for a moment, then resuming the story:—"yes, my friends," said he, "these men, to whom we had been prodigal of our wealth and of our confidence, carried us away, to sell us with the criminals they had purchased at Benin. I felt at once the misery of Ellaroe, of Matomba, and myself. I loaded the Portuguese with reproaches and threats: I bit my chains, and wished I could die: but a look from Ellaroe changed my purpose.—The monsters had not separated me from her. Matomba was in the other vessel.

"Three of our young men, and a young girl, found means to put themselves to death. I exhorted Ellaroe to imitate their example: but the pleasure of loving and of being beloved, attached her to life. The Portuguese made her believe that they intended for us a lot as happy as we had formerly enjoyed. She hoped, at least, that we would not be separated, and that she might again find her father.

"After having, for some days, wept the loss of our liberty, the pleasure of being always together stopped the tears of Ellaroe, and abated my despair.

"In those moments, when we were not interrupted by the presence of our inhuman masters, Ellaroe, would fold me in her arms and exclaim, O my friend! let us endeavor to support and encourage one another, and we shall resist all they can do to us: assured of your love, what have I to complain of? and what happiness is it, that you would purchase at the expence of that which we now enjoy? These words infused into me extraordinary fortitude; and I had no fear but one—that of being separated from Ellaroe.

"We were more than a month, at sea; there was little wind, and our course was slow; at last the winds failed us entirely, and it fell a dead calm. For some days, the Portuguese gave us no more food, than was barely sufficient to preserve us alive.

"Two negroes, determined on death, refused every species of nourishment, and secretly conveyed to us the bread and the dates that were designed for them. I hid them with care, that they might be employed in preserving the life of Ellaroe.

"The calm continued; the sea, without a wave, presented one vast immovable surface, to which our vessel seemed attached. The air was as still as the sea. The sun and the stars, in their silent course, disturbed not the profound repose that reigned over the face of the deep. Our anxious eyes were continually directed to that uniform and unbounded expanse, terminated only by the heaven's arch, that seemed to enclose us as in a vast tomb. Sometimes we mistook the undulations of light for the motion of the waters: but that error was of short duration. Sometimes, as we walked on the deck, we took the resistance of the air for the agitation of a breeze; but no sooner had we suspended our steps, than the illusion vanished; and the image of famine recurring, presented itself to our minds with redoubled horror.

"Our tyrants soon reserved for themselves the provisions that remained, and gave orders, that a part of the blacks should be sacrificed as food for the rest. It is impossible to say, whether this order, so worthy of the men of your race, or the manner in which it was received, affected me most. I read, on every face, a greedy satisfaction, a dismal terror, a savage hope. I saw those unfortunate companions of my slavery observe one another with voracious attention, and the eyes of tygers.

"Two young girls of the village of Onebo, who had suffered most by the famine, were the first victims. The cries of these unhappy wretches still resound in my ears; and I see the tears streaming from the eyes of their famished companions, as they devoured the horrid repast.

"The little provisions, which I had concealed from the observation of our tyrants, supported Ellaroe and myself, so that we were sure of not being destined to the sacrifice. I still had dates, and we threw into the sea, without being observed, the horrid morsels that were offered to us.

"The calm continuing, despondency began to seize even our tyrants; they became remiss in their attention to us; they observed us slightly, and we were under little restraint. One evening, when they retired, they left me on the deck with Ellaroe.—When she perceived we were alone, she threw her arms around me, and I pressed her with rapture in mine. Her eyes beamed with an unusual expression of sensibility and tenderness. I had never in her presence experienced such ardour, such emotion, such palpitation, as at that moment. Long we remained thus enfolded in one another's arms, unable to speak. "O thou," said I at last, "whom I had chosen to be my companion on a throne, thou shalt at least be my companion in death." "Ah, Zimeo!" said she, "perhaps the great Orissa will preserve our lives, and I shall be thy wife." "Ellaroe," I replied; "had not these monsters by treachery prevailed, Damel would have chosen thee for my wife, as thy father had chosen me for thy husband. My beloved Ellaroe, do we still depend upon the authority of Damel, and shall we now wait for orders that we can never receive? No, no, far from our parents, torn from our country our obedience is now due only to our hearts." "O, Zimeo!" cried she, bedewing my face with her tears.—"Ellaroe," said I, "if you weep in a moment like this, you love not as I do." "Ah!" replied she, "observe by the light of the moon, this unchangeable ocean; throw your eyes on these immoveable sails; behold, on the deck, the traces of the blood of my two friends; consider the little that remains of our dates, then—O Zimeo! be but my husband, and I shall be contented!" [*Conclusion, next week.*]

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